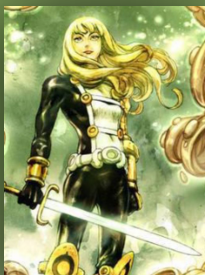




Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

## Grace



fantasy

why-is-illyana-the-cover-image-idk

i-should-change-it-since-you-guys-want-to-publish-this-but-i-don't-want-to-find-a-replacement

3338 219 247

### Chapter 1 by R

She stepped back through the portal, staring. This was it. Her room. After almost a year in that cursed dimension, she was finally home, and everything was as she had left it.

Carefully, she watched as the portal closed. There was no way she could let Del through, not given that she had only just defeated the dictator. Unleashing a demon onto Earth would be catastrophic.

Her phone was still sitting on her desk, and she turned it on, staring at the display.

It had only been an hour since she had left. Her year of struggle, year of pain, hadn't even caused a day to pass.

Which meant one thing:

She had to go to school tomorrow.

Chapter 2 by Laura Frost

See more of Story Wars

The only thing she had to be grateful for was that she still had enough sense to do her homework. Grace glanced

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Right. She was still wearing her armor. The boots added a few centimeters onto her height. She could only imagine what she looked like, in full battle armor, decked in weapons. Defender, her sword, seemed duller. Everything from Wircan seemed duller.

Grace unhooked the blade and its sheath from her belt, and slowly striped off her armor. There was a hidden area under the floorboards in her closet. The armor went in, and the sword went under her bed.

It was almost midnight.

She tried to sleep, but her bed was too strange. It was overly soft. How had her pre-shift self slept in this thing? She took the floor.

Despite the pain, the death, the suffering, Grace found herself wishing she was back in Wircan.

"Don't be silly," she whispered to herself. "You can't go back. Why would you even want to, anyway? You spent most of your time trying to get back here."

She clutched the dagger Violet had given her to her chest.

It was the only thing that still felt familiar.

### Chapter 3 by Opulence



Grace's dreams were filled with nightmares.

Scenes of Del's rule, of the Mirror of Fates and of Violet played through her head on repeat. The fitful sleep did not bode well for her and, as she awoke once again in a rush of terror, Grace thought to herself.

Grace was finally home. She had won, hadn't she? Then why did she feel so lost in her own world?

Eventually, morning came around and Grace prepared for school. She had a shower - despite all that she missed in Wircan, she was still a girl who loved to shower again.

She had almost forgotten to brush her teeth. The concept of dental hygiene had almost completely slipped her mind.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Grace got into her uniform; the lack of metal plating was uncomfortable, and she felt exposed without some form of armor.

She continued on with her morning routine, the years of habit not quite broken by one life shattering event, and found herself about to leave.

The strangest part of that morning was seeing her family again. Not her family with Cinder, Tyrael, Dareiel, Augustus, and Violet. No, this was her old family, Dad and Mum, Kelsey and little Lucas. She had been waiting so long to see them, so long to just hug them and be with them and tell them about her adventures. But strangely, she didn't. She felt herself going through the motions of every morning.

"It's okay," Grace said to herself as she walked upstairs. "You've got plenty of time now, you can tell them tonight." But she didn't sound very convincing, even to herself.

Grace considered trying to fit Defender in her tiny schoolbag, but that would have just been impractical. However, she gently placed the dagger that Violet had given her at the bottom of her schoolbag. Just in case.

She went outside to go saddle up her horse and was surprised to find that there were no horses, but rather a school bus waiting for her. This strangeness did not leave her mind as she traveled to school, tuning out the mindless bickering of the other students. Her eyes brushed over the lightly forested suburbs as she went back to her nights in the lush forests of Garhad. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't see those mighty oaks and wild beasts in suburbia's shallow imitation.

Eventually, the school came into sight, and when she first saw it, a chill of fear shot down her spine. Saint Ruthorford's Secondary College for Young Women had always had a special place of contempt in Grace's heart, but when she saw it on that morning it was a whole new feeling of mixed hatred and fear. It was a series of dull, grey, concrete buildings with about all the artistic taste of a graham cracker, but those spiked fences and those giant structures reminded Grace of Del's Keep. All it needed were a few skulls and torches and they would be identical.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

without even flinching; how could this be such a challenge? As she walked through the gates of Saint Rutherford's, she saw all the girls standing around gossiping and having fun; never before had Grace felt so out of place.

There were no demons to slay here. No merchants to haggle with. No mercenaries to join. Just Grace, all alone.

She wandered the quad, wondering what to do with herself, Violet's dagger sitting heavy in her bag. There was nothing else to do. She had won the battle.

Then she heard the screech of a demon.

Grace whipped around and saw to her disappointment that it was just the school bell. The masses of students moved off to start the day ahead of them as Grace wondered why she had felt disappointment- out of all the things she could have felt- when her far-fetched ideas of a demon were put to rest.

"Damn it, Grace! What's wrong with you?" Grace grumbled under her breath as she faced down the day that came ahead of her. This shouldn't have been a problem, so she doubled down and marched off to roll call, but the thoughts still plagued her mind.

This is exactly what Grace had wanted.

This was her victory.

Then why wasn't she enjoying it?

#### Chapter 4 by Xycronic



"Grace?"

"Here."

Homeroom was so different, so alien. It was strange, seeing how one year could change your entire outlook

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

She tuned out once again, gazing out the window as Mrs. Holbridge droned on once more. Something about reviewing the reading. Who could focus on English when there was another dimension out there? She tried to recall her friends' faces - Violet, Augustus - but it was as if they had never existed. But they were most certainly real. They were just in another world.

She had fought so hard to return to normalcy. And here she was, wasting it. Shaking her head, she returned her attention back to the gray-haired teacher.

"... and as you can see, this novel is a good representation of the Hero's Journey. However, what none of these books talk about is what happens after the magical adventure..."

It was all rote. Mindless, endless rote. Nothing new to be learned, just the same old boring topics. In Wircan, she had learned to fight. To be a warrior. To stand up for what was good and right. Trying to compare this lesson to her now-too-short year in Wircan was like holding a candle up to the sun.

"... what exactly does the hero do once they return to the real world? Do they simply retire and bask in the glory of their victory? Do they try to pretend their adventure never happened? Give me your best guess, Mira..."

All of a sudden, something ticked in Grace's mind. They were talking about her!

Well, not *her* specifically, per se, but still, this was relevant. She focused on Mira as the freckled girl nervously tugged at her shirt collar and began.

"Well, uh, I suppose they'd try to go back, right? That's where they felt good and where they were, um, appreciated, right? Well, in any case, that's what I would do, so..." She snapped her mouth shut, afraid of making herself look more like a fool.

Whispers ensued. Girls gossiped, how Mira was so-and-so about this and how she was so stupid it almost hurt. How could these people be so self-absorbed in their silly lives when real issues were out there like demons? Um and of course, Earth issues like global warming. Grace

scuffed a little and returned her eyes to the blackboard.

See more of Story Wars

Mrs. Holdbridge nodded. "Mira, you'll be assigned the story of *After Wonderland*. It's a great r

Login

or

Create new account

A collective groan. Grace smiled a little. She missed those moments like this. She reminded herself, this is why you came back. You came back for these moments.

The rest of the day crawled by like a century. By the time the final bell rang, she was already packed up and ready to leave. Bashing through the doors, she joined the stampede of people rushing out of the school to freedom. Just like the scene of carnage when Del sent his soldiers to burn down the town. For a second, she lost herself in the screaming, the dying, the burning.

Some kid elbowed her. "Watch it!"

Breaking out of that horrible memory, she muttered a hurried "Sorry," and walked to the bus stop, where she obediently filed into the seats and sat down.

The book that Mrs. Holbridge had assigned her floated on top of all the homework she had crammed in her schoolbag while Violet's dagger stayed heavy at the bottom.

Maybe this author knew a little more about how to cope after the end of her adventure than she did.

Unzipping her schoolbag, she reached in and pulled it out. Ignoring the cover, she opened it and began reading the first page.

*They thought I was insane. They said it was all a dream! But I know better. It was real. The White Rabbit, the Queen of Hearts, the Mad Hatter. And Cheshire Cat. They were real; just as real as I am. But they think I'm nuts. There's only one way to prove this to them. And it's to bring all of them back with me.*

## Chapter 5 by Xycronic



Flopping down on her bed, Grace closed her eyes and relaxed. Though the book was short, it was the biggest clue she had to keep going.

Now, obviously bringing Violet and her family here was a terrible idea. Grace could still

remember the shock and pain she suffered when she was surreptitiously pulled out of her own world by Darelle's search spell.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

She had appeared in the Caelum world. And out of nowhere Darelle had approached her, holding a sword. Grace had been scared out her mind, thinking he

was going to kill her. But in reality (or, not in reality, she supposed), he had gifted her Defender.

In the end, it was Violet's dagger that had saved her life and killed Del. She remembered Violet's words to her when she had received the gift: "Take it. It doesn't have a special name or anything - It's yours to name."

Absent-mindedly, she had reached into her bookbag and pulled out the magic dagger. She had a name for it now.

*Homecoming.*

She felt out of place here, in this old world with its old problems. She wanted to leave this place and go to where she truly belonged. Perhaps she could return to the Otherworld. At least for another year. She wanted to feel safe, loved, *needed*.

Concentrating with all her might, she tried to will the portal into existence. No dice.

All she could do was pile all of her weaponry and memories in the center of her room. Her armor, her sword, her saddle, her dagger - oh, wait, maybe not. She gripped Homecoming and focused again. She wanted to go back. She needed to.

A blinding zap filled the room, leaving a small scorch mark on the ceiling. A swirling purple portal opened, and Grace peeked open her eyes.

This was it. Her passageway home.

## Chapter 6 by Xycronic



A withered hand reached out of the portal, grasping for something to take hold of. Grace stifled a scream and backed up, hitting her dresser and knocking a comb off of it. A whispering voice followed the hand. "You shouldn't have come back..."

A bloodcurdling scream filled the air and the hand was pulled back into the portal. Grace's heart leapt into her throat and, without thinking, scooped her things up and jumped in.

See more of Story Wars

She fell through worlds of color and fire, mountains of crumbling castles, zombie hordes, bands of heroes. She saw flying dragons and saw thousands of sights and smells cascade by as she entered Wircan.

Login

or

Create new account

With a loud crash, she landed in the middle of the cabbage patch she had arrived in almost a year ago. Except... everything was dead. Even the violet flower in the center of the garden, wilted, keeling over, and dried up. Grace almost cried at the loss of it. After Del had been defeated, the family had rebuilt the homestead and replanted the violet flower as a symbol of rebirth, of hope.

Still, without her armor, she felt useless. Glancing around, she quickly pulled the protective covering on. It was like greeting an old friend, though it had only been two weeks, the entire time it had taken her to decide on a course of action. Sheathing her weapons, Grace entered the remains of the house. What she saw shocked her.

Cobwebs littered the floor, smashed vases littered about. Sunlight filtered only through the gaps in the roof, and the only remains of the cozy thatched one was a few straw pieces lying around.

How could this have happened? What sick evil had destroyed her friends' home... and perhaps their lives?

She should never have left. Now they were dead. She knelt down over a broken plate and pieced it back together.

But something was off. How could the family have died so easily? All of them were capable warriors, even Violet. She climbed up off her knees, and in doing so wiped her hands on the floor.

Dust. Layers and layers of dust. Enough to have been there for several years. Two weeks in her world was 336 years in this one. Violet, Augustus, Dareiel, Cinder; all of them had not been taken by violence.

They were taken by age. And Grace had arrived in a dead world, an old world, an empty world.

Her foot clinked on something. It was a picture of the family, obviously happy and long ago.

Violet had grown into a strong woman. Grace carefully pulled the aged paper out of the frame and tucked it into her bookbag.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Everything she knew was

## Chapter 7 by Feyowen of Sventarias



Grace shot up, her lungs screamed for air. Her eyes flew open but all she could see was darkness. She sucked in deep, full breaths, trying to calm her racing heart and satisfy her burning lungs.

Her eyes stung and began to water. Mournful sobs wracked her frame causing her to curl up into a fetal position. Where was she? What had happened? Why was everything so dark? Her mind raced with questions. Are they really all dead?

Slowly reality began to set in around. The darkness began to fade and the light slowly returned. She was inside a familiar cabin with a cobblestone floor. The only thing obscuring her vision now were the tears that were streaming down her cheeks.

An old man in a robe stood next to her and bent down to help her up. "Do you see now what will happen if you leave Wircan?" He asked. His voice was low and gravelly. He had a long white beard and he was mostly bald. He had piercing green eyes that seemed to bore into Grace's soul.

"Y...yes, I think so. I'm not quite sure what just happened." Grace stuttered, lifting a hand to her head and rubbing at her temple. There was a sharp pain there. She touched it and it moved to just behind her ear. Her fingers moved with it and she winced, instinctively she pulled her fingers away and looked at her hand. Sure enough there was blood covering the tips of her fingers. Her eyes widened and her heart skipped a beat.

"Be calm, that is a side effect of being under the effect of the magic for so long." The old man said calmly. Grace swallowed hard and wiped her bloody finger tips against her armor. Suddenly something dawned on her.

"Violet! Where is Violet?!" She asked turning to face the old man who had shuffled behind a desk and began mixing some odd looking herbs together. At her question he looked up and

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Grace." A voice called and Grace whipped around. There they stood. They had been sitting on a bench against the side of the cabin. Grace felt her eyes well up with tears. They were here, they were alive. Grace took a step towards them but her leg decided it wouldn't support her weight anymore. She found herself falling towards the silver grass that covered the ground. Before she hit the ground she felt two hands thrust themselves under her arms catch.

The person staggered slightly but did not fall. Grace found her footing and stood a little shakily.

"Hey there, whats wrong?" A voice asked and Grace looked up. Violet stood there with a concerned look on her face. Grace didn't answer she just wrapped her arms around Violet and buried her face her in friend's shoulder. Violet looked a little surprised but she didn't argue she returned the hug and sighed softly. She ran her finger's through Grace's hair.

"Are you going to tell us what happened? Did you find a way to defeat Del?" She asked softly but with a hint of impatience to her tone.

"You died, you all died after I left." Grace answered holding onto Violet with a tighter grip. Violet felt her heart lurch and she scolded herself internally for being so apathetic. "But yes, I did find a way to defeat Del." Grace continued softly.

"Well then what are we waiting for?" Cinder called. The rest of the group had gathered around Violet and Grace.

"Calm yourself Cinder, we have to plan this out first." Tyrael interjected. Grace smiled. They were okay, they were alive.

## Chapter 8 by intellikat



"Well, since I defeated Del already... at least in my mind... in that herb-induced trip I had with the village shaman in there..." Grace motioned toward the cabin, "I actually know the way to do it."

Grace lifted the dagger she had named *Homecoming* in what apparently had been a six-chapter long vision sequence and showed it to her family.

See more of Story Wars

"In the end it wasn't Defend or Betray that saved Del. It was this tiny blade. Small enough to slip into a boot and avoid discovery."

Login

or

Create new account

shattered the Mirror of Fates with one skillful blow and Del was trapped forever in reverse... time and action moving forever backward for him."

"That's great!" cried Cinder. "Then all we need to do is follow every step you saw in your vision and we can free Wircan! Then you can finally go home."

Grace's heart slumped.

"I don't want to go back there," she said, lowering the blade. "I saw... and felt what it was like in my vision. And it felt more unreal... more like some other world than Wircan. This is my home now."

"But..." Old Augustus began, "What about your family in that world?"

"What about them?"

"And what about the demons to slay there?"

"Demons...? You mean school bullies? Applications to university? Saving the environment?" Grace shook her head. "I like this world. It's so much more colorful and exciting. I can't wear armor, ride a horse, or carry a sword in that world. It's so dull compared to this one. That's why I came here in the first place. That's why I want to stay."

Suddenly, the scene shook and a flash of purple electricity engulfed the group.

Grace lay at the foot of a hideous and large mirror, ornamented with skulls and bones. Towering above her still was Del, in rage and fury.

"Haaaaa!" he cried, looking down at his defeated foe. "The Mirror of Fates has judged you, human! Did you think yourself the hero to best me here, in my own keep?! You sentimental fool. Don't you know that a hero must make *sacrifice* in order to accomplish his or her goal?! Wircan to you is simply a playground, whilst you turn your back on your homeworld and its threats to

existence as if it were some toy! The Mirror looks deep into your soul, and it has judged you as lacking. This Hero's Quest of yours is a joke!"

See more of Story Wars

Del raised a spiked bludge and swung it down upon Grace with the force of all things.

Login

or

Create new account

## Chapter 9 by elby



"GRACE!" shouted a helpless Violet. The purple bolts of electricity grew and grew until Grace could only see purple and the family in her vision, and the Mirror became much larger in size, along with Del. Grace released bloodcurdling screams that dispersed as an echo and tried to withstand the hits of the bludgeon with her thick body armor.

"Haha!" Del screamed "You ignorant fool!" he seized striking her with the despising weapon. "You thought you could vanquish any one man, but your ignorance lead you to the conclusion you could conquer me! You lie here now helpless whilst your friends fret in fear! You think you can defeat me? GO FOR IT!" She was almost unconscious and was struggling to stay up. "I shattered the Mirror of Fates with one skillful blow and Del was trapped forever in reverse... time and action moving forever backward for him." she thought. She was still clutching the "Homecoming" in her hand, pearls of sweat glistening on its edge from her palm.

"Alright," she whispered faintly. With her last sliver of strength, she pushed herself off from the ground. The pain made her wince and shiver as it rippled down her back and her legs. "I will." she said, now with more confidence as she settled into her standing position

"Yes!" she heard Violet, Augustus, Cinder, and Tyrael shout in unison. And with that, she struck the mirror with great strength.

## Chapter 10 by NewShamu



Grace fell back with a shout, landing hard on the cold stones. With a wince, she looked up at the Mirror in triumph, but her face fell when she saw it. Her mighty strike had only left a small crack in the center of the Mirror.

Laughing, Del raised his bludgeon into the air once more. "Stupid girl," he boasted. "Did you really think you could defeat me? You are your pitiful friends will die, and Wircan will finally be mine!" With that, he raised his bludgeon one final time. Grace covered her head with her hands, bracing herself for the impact. She had been wrong about the vision. Despite everything, she

had failed.

See more of Story Wars

Before Del could strike her, a loud cracking sound, like ice breaking apart, The crack in the Mirror spread by little, but suddenly it expanded across the surface of the glass like thin, spidery veins. The cracking sounds grew

Login

or

Create new account

louder and then, suddenly, the Mirror shattered into millions of tiny pieces. Glittering shards of glass rained down around them to reveal what appeared to be the dark wooden back of the frame.

"No!" Del bellowed. "Do you realize what you've done? You've doomed us all!" With a ferocious cry, he lunged at her.

In his rage, Del had failed to see that this time, Grace was ready. Although she didn't have *Defender*, she didn't need it. She gripped *Homecoming* tight and thought about her friends here in Wircan. She thought of Cinder, Tyrael, Dareiel, even old Augustus. She thought of Violet. This was her true home, she thought, and she had to protect it. With a fierce roar, Grace poured all of her thoughts into the strike.

As Del bore down on her, she plunged the dagger deep into his stomach. He stumbled back in shock, clutching the hilt that now protruded from his gut. Victorious, Grace staggered to her feet, her cheering friends giving her the energy to stand. As she swayed there, Del took another ungainly step back towards the mirror. Before she could put the wretched demon out of his misery however, the Mirror began to shake behind him. The frame grew dark, so dark in fact that to Grace it seemed as if a pitch-black hole somehow stood where the mirror once did. She began to feel tugged towards the empty void.

As the unseen force grew, Grace struggled to keep her balance. Del wasn't so lucky; with a soft cry, he fell back into the hole where the Mirror of Fates once stood. In an instant, he was gone. Just like in the vision, Del was gone.

## Chapter 11 by Em B



Grace cheered. She had done it. They were safe from Del. She smiled for a whole minute before realizing that she was being sucked into the void. She was pulled towards the mirror, and she grasped at the frame, desperately trying to hold on. She didn't want to go out like this. She didn't want to leave her family. She didn't want to just disappear forever. Her parents would never

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

She held on to the mirror, but the metal frame was too slippery. She was falling, and she couldn't do anything about it. A tear rolled down her cheek. She had failed them. Del was right, they were all doomed. Grace looked back at her friends, still cheering her on. They shouted, Violet loudest of all. She had always been there for Grace. Cinder looked angry. Not at Grace, but more at herself, for not helping as much as she could. Tyrael was crying, his sobs resonating in the chamber. Dareiel looked at her. Stared at her. They exchanged looks of understanding. They would not go out like this. Augustus seemed to have given up. He wasn't cheering, encouraging, or anything. He was staring down at his notebook, taking notes. Grace stared at him, hoping that he would look up, and that she would get to see his glowing green eyes one last time.

But he didn't.

Augustus turned to Cinder, and whispered something in her ear. She nodded, her red hair falling over her face. She reached into her backpack, and pulled out an array of random materials. Augustus then went over to Tyrael, and whispered something to him. He wiped his eyes, looked up at Grace, and smiled, his bright blue eyes shining. He grabbed the assortment of materials, and got to work, pushing his short brown hair out of his eyes. He worked for mere seconds, before rolling his eyes and whispering something to Augustus. He went over to Dareiel and whispered something to him. Dareiel rolled his peach coloured eyes, and, pulling his long blond hair into a ponytail, went over to Violet. He whispered something to her, and her purple eyes dulled. She stopped shouting. She pushed a lock of brown, purple streaked hair behind her ear, and murmured what seemed to be an apology.

Dareiel sighed and sat down beside her. They had a whispered conversation, and Violet smiled. She nodded, and Dareiel left. He went over to Augustus and patted him on the head. Augustus sighed, patted down his tangled, curly grey hair, and walked over to Tyrael, who nodded and continued working. Grace shouted at her friends. If they were going to do something, they should do it soon. She was losing her grip. Her brown eyes were full of sorrow, and her long blonde hair stuck to her tear streaked face. She took a deep breath, and focused on holding on.

Cinder walked as close as she dared to Grace, trying to offer as much help as possible, though it was very little. Her silver eyes were full of worry, but she had a twisted grin to her friend. They were both trying their hardest to help. Grace looked up at Cinder, and she started walking over to his area. She glanced at Tyrael, who was still working, and she took a deep breath. Tyrael had finished his machine, and he took the machine and walked close to the mirror. She started picking up shards. Once she had accumulated enough,

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

she brought them back to Tyrael, who got back to work. Grace watched them in stunned silence. They were amazing. They were all working together to help her, so that she wouldn't have to sacrifice herself. They cared for her, as she did them. Lost in thought, Grace didn't realize how close she was to the edge of the frame until her foot slipped off, and she almost fell. She grabbed on to the most stable area of the frame, and screamed at her friends to hurry.

Tyrael jumped up. He was finished. He screamed to everyone to come over. He held up his creation. It was a smooth disc, made out of glass shards. He handed it to Violet, who got on Cinders shoulders, and came towards the frame. Violet threw the disc at the mirror, and instead of being absorbed by the void, it expanded, and covered every inch of void, until the mirror was, once again, intact. Dareiel came over, and helped Grace off of the mirror frame. They smiled and hugged each other, and were just glad to be alive. Del was gone, and they were safe, apart from the occasional demon.

But the story was not over. Grace wanted to stay. This was her home now, not earth. She was happy here. Violet begged her to go. She didn't want to stop her from living the life that she was supposed to. Grace needed to make a decision.

## Chapter 12 by R



She stayed five months, in the Citadel, before the darkness came.

It was too busy for any tension between Grace and Violet and their friends, and the decision was delayed indefinitely as they worked to build the new government and restore the lands to what they were like before Del, or perhaps to something even better.

She and Violet spent half of that first month arguing, Violet claiming Grace shouldn't stay for her sake, that Violet wasn't worth abandoning her family and her life forever. Grace would shout back that she liked Wircan better, that she was truly happy here, and while Violet was a major reason, she stayed for so many others, so many things that she could never give up. After that month, the arguments died down, partially because of how busy everything had become,

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

It was on the one year anniversary of Grace's arrival to Wircan that the darkness came. They celebrated in the fair grounds, and in the air above this creeping, ink black darkness appeared from nowhere. They fought it, hard as they could, throwing magical spells and enchanted capsules, trying to hack with swords and pierce with arrows. When they finally drove it away, the fairgrounds were destroyed, and the people were scared.

They called the sages to the Citadel, looking for some answer, and the sages, meditating deeply, gave one.

"Grace," said an old woman, looking at her with hollowed eyes. "Her presence in this world is tearing the fabric of reality apart."

"Is there no way to stop this?" Grace asked, frantic.

"You know the way," the old woman replied, and she was right. Grace turned to her friends, and her eyes were on the brink of crying. This couldn't be happening. All she wanted for the rest of her life was to stay here in Wircan, with her friends, with Violet, and now it seemed like the only way to get this wish was to watch everything around her die.

"I can't go back," she said, her voice straining, cracking. The tears began to form in the corners of her eyes. "I'm nothing there, I'm just a friendless girl with no future and no life. I can't - why do I have to go back there?"

"Grace -" Violet started, but Augustus put a hand on her shoulder, silencing her.

"No matter where you are, you aren't nothing," Tyrael told her. "Even if no one knows your name or your deeds, you are still Grace, slayer of Del, and one of the greatest people in the universe.

"No matter where you are, you will always have us as friends," Augustus added, "and even if you have none there, remember that we will always support you, even if you cannot hear us."

"And, no matter where you are, you will always have a future and a life." Darciel finishes, locking

eyes with Grace. "Even if you are not slaying monsters with a sword, you will always be a hero in your heart, and you will always be able to do something. Just because you don't know how you will do it, they will not occur."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Grace was sobbing, now, the kind of sobbing which can never be called elegant or beautiful, round, bulbous tears cascading down her face, with red eyes and a face wrought with distraught. "You don't understand," she said, stumbling over the words. "I can't do it without you."

"Do you have to?" Cinder asked, and everyone turns to her.

The slender girl brushed her red hair out of her eyes, and walked over to a shelf, pulling off a thick tome, flipping through it until landing on a page. This was a book of spells, and the picture of a gray room with two doors took the predominant place.

"What is this?" Dareiel asked, scanning over the words. "A realm in-between, two keys, sage, blood of - this could work!"

"Don't you trust me?" Cinder replied with a sharp smile, already pulling out another book and flipping to another page, this one with a mirror. "I'm not half the moron you all think I am, after all."

"No one thinks you're a moron, Cinder," Augustus says with a chuckle. "What is this plan, then, and do you think it can actually work?"

Dareiel opens his mouth as if starting to talk, but lets Cinder speak instead. "I was reading through the books in here because why not, it's way better than speaking to crusty old politicians, and there's a spell called Meetingplace. It's mostly used for diplomatic places, but it's a realm between dimensions that you set up, with a certain number of keys, and using that key can take you there from any place in any universe."

"So we could meet up, even if I'm on Earth and you're still in Wircan!" Grace shouts out. "And we can do it without risking the darkness coming after us?"

"Yeah. It's time frozen too, which is wicked cool, and I think we have all the materials here in the citadel to cast the spell" Dareiel nods, and she grins. "The problem is, how do you know to meet

up, and the answer is, drum roll for my awesomeness here, magic mirrors!"

See more of Story Wars

"We already have magic mirrors, but they're not for long distance communication device. They don't work for long distance communication." "The problem is, how do you know to meet up, and the answer is, drum roll for my awesomeness here, magic mirrors!"

Login

or

Create new account

"Genius!" Dareiel shouts out, holding the second book Cinder had pulled out. "I didn't realize we even had any of Mariellus' writings!" He pauses, turning to the others. "This spell here, it works on correcting time distortions, allegedly. Of course, if you try and return to Wircan proper from, uh, Earth, you'd still arrive long after our deaths, but since the Meetingroom is outside of time, we can interact over our life spans at the same rate."

Dareiel and Cinder ran off to gather the materials, and Augustus and the sages went to figure out how much time they had before the next attack, and what could be done to fight the darkness off in the meantime. Tyrael ducked out, winking at the pair of them, and Violet and Grace were left alone.

"I guess you're finally going," Violet said, not moving to stand closer. "Well, I suppose my argument won, in the end."

"Vi-" Grace starts, and then she shakes her head, breathing in deeply. She wipes the tears from her face, which had started off from sadness and turned to tears of joy after Cinder's revelation. "You were right, you were right from the beginning. I mean, I stayed for other reasons, but - I stayed for you. I miss my family, but I know I wouldn't miss them half as much as if I had to be apart from you."

"Well, now you don't have to choose," Violet says, laughing. There are tears in her eyes, also, and that's enough to make Grace start crying again as well. They hold each other close, laughing, crying, hugging their hearts out.

She still doesn't want to leave Wircan, but at least, if she has to leave, this way is the best. Grace knows she'll always miss the action, and the adventure, and the heroism, but unlike in her dreams, she'll never have the chance to miss her friends.

It isn't a happy ending. The happy ending is where they defeat the darkness, and she lives in Wircan forever, but this ending?

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

This was beautiful



**Katiana Kostoff**

22 days ago

Great story!

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account